

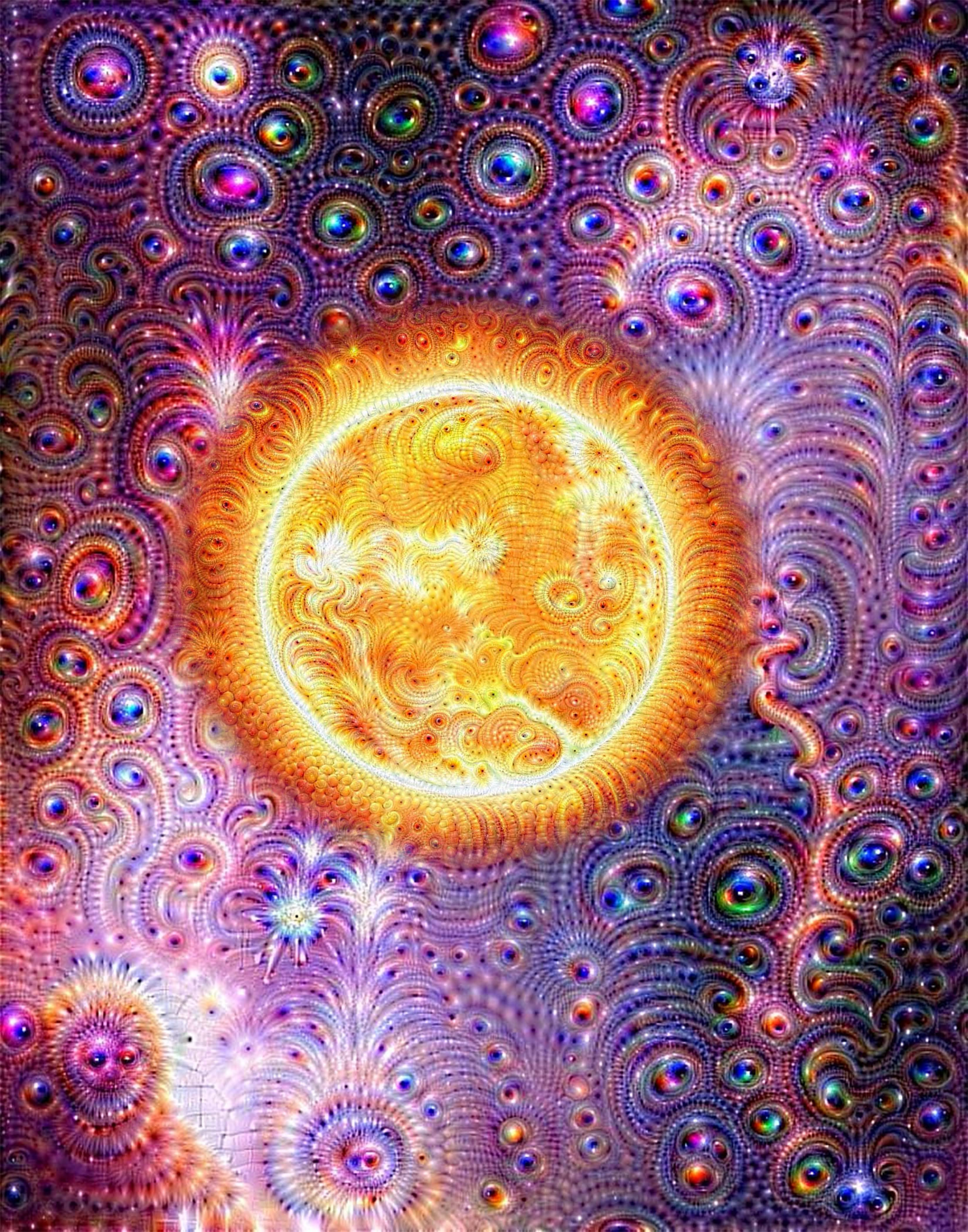
Another Book of DREAMS



Seth Kallen Deitch

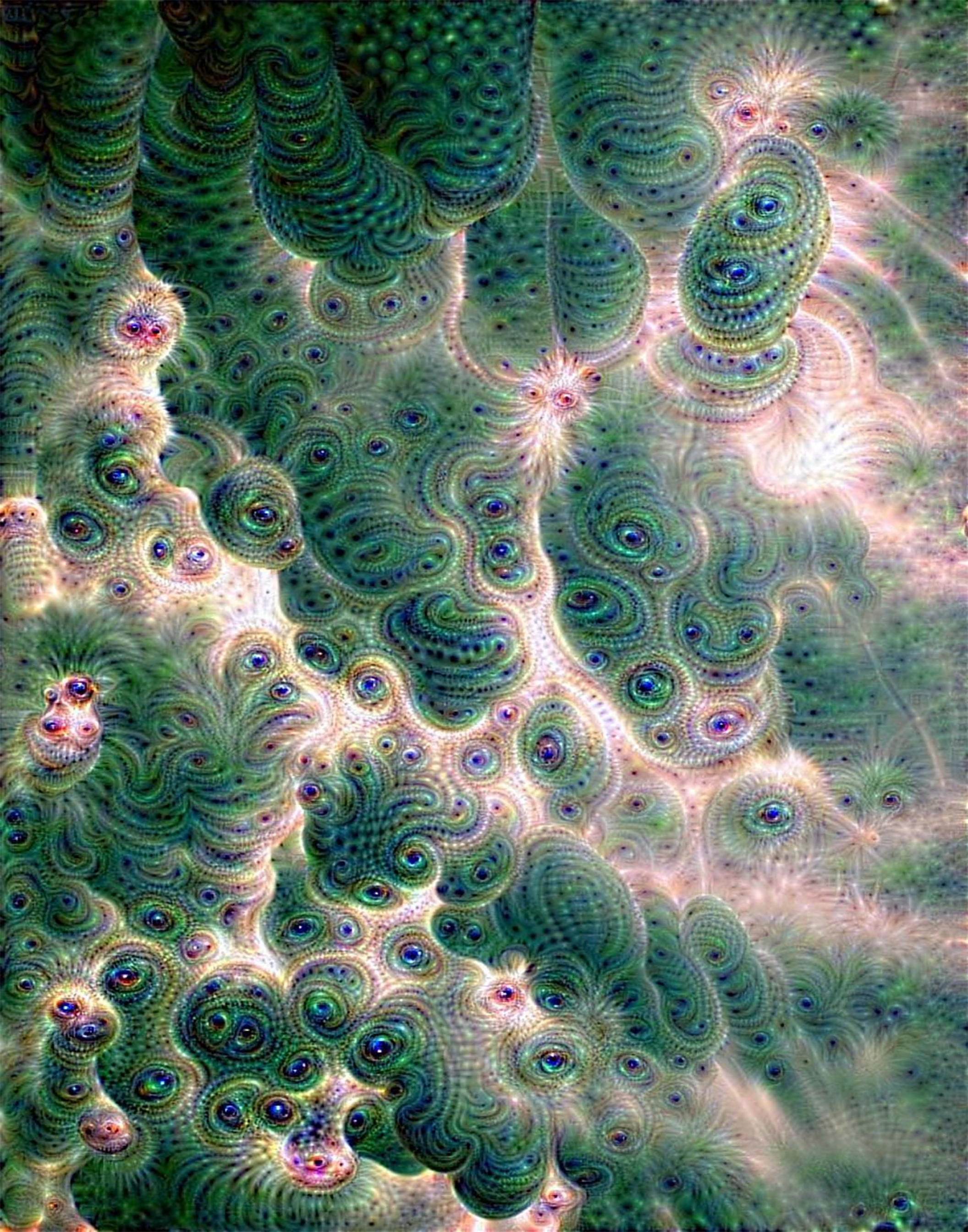








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Forward

*Here we are again. I had no plans for a follow up to *The Book of Dreams* let alone this soon, but honestly, illustrating my dreams is fun. Even the crazy and disturbing ones.*

It also has something to do with the fact that I can't seem to be able to focus on writing fiction at the moment. I wouldn't exactly call it writer's block as much as writer's distraction. I need to feel really relaxed and centered to write stories and there has just been too much tugging from different directions in the last half year. Where ever I have been physically or mentally, somehow I feel the need to be somewhere else. What is more somewhere else than Dreamland?

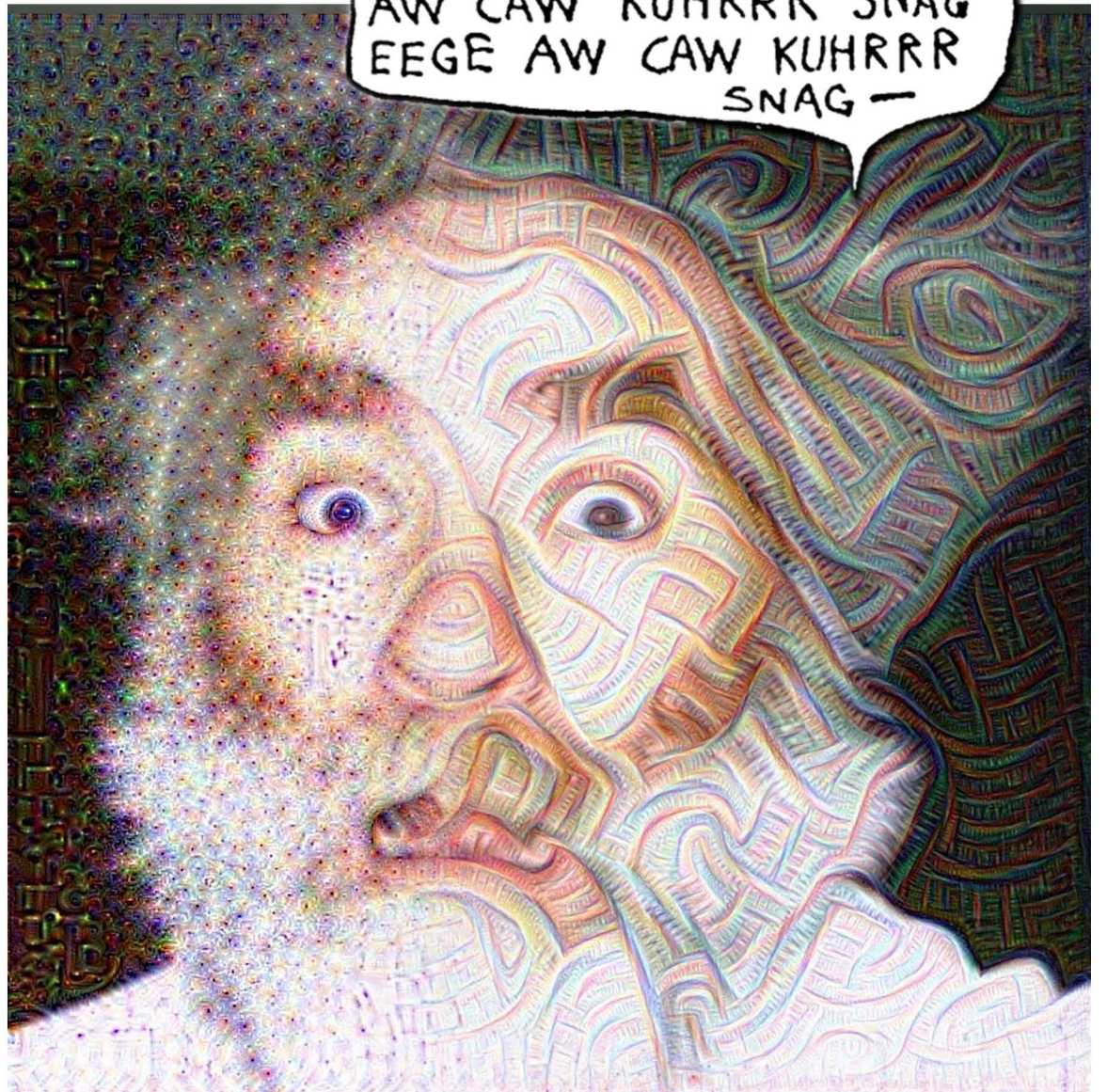
I also heard a lot of positive stuff about the previous book and it's nice to hear positive stuff, particularly about a project that is so eccentric and personal in content and anomalistic in presentation. Way more people seemed to get it than I predicted so I figured why not do an encore?

This volume contains a bit more in the way of consciously composed story material in addition to illustrated Dream Journal material, so you will see a bit of my waking, and thus more inhibited mind, at work.

That's pretty much it.

- Seth K. Deitch 11/23/2015

HELLO SILAS







Dream Journal 10/19/2015

I was working on some sort of bound book project for a local restaurant. For some reason it had to have every page laminates and it had to be attached to this goofy painted wood dingbat with three legs. It was decorated in several bright colors of enamel paint. It took a lot of work to put this silly thing together, but I finally got it done.



Rob Chalfen helped me deliver it because he owned a huge car. I mean it was a normal car, but twice the size. He used a booster seat and huge blocks on the pedals to drive it.

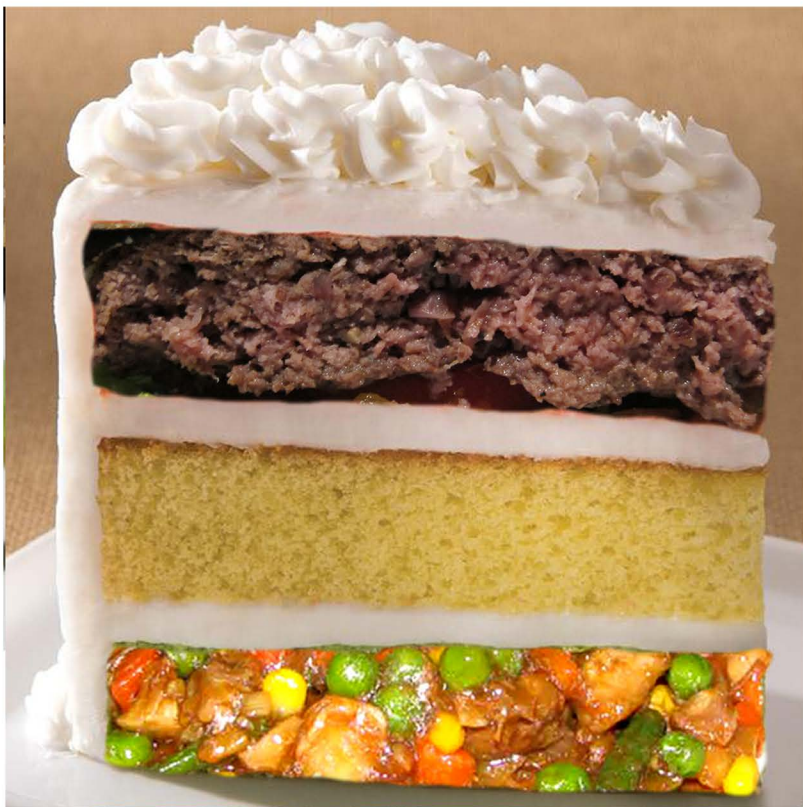


We got to the restaurant and the guy didn't have the cash to pay but he said we could come in and eat and drink to our heart's content. We sit down and the place is crowded and debate if we should do it another time, but we are both ravenous and decide that if we don't eat right away we might die. They bring us sandwiches that are a pork chop on a bun with mustard and large tankards of ale. We quickly do away with these and order whiskey and we keep ordering whiskey.

We are soon laughing drunk and annoying the other diners and the guy I made the weird book for is giving us the stink eye, but there is nothing he can do about us, a deal's a deal after all.



A waitress comes around and asks if we want anything else and I want a piece of their famous Rosetta Stone Cake which is known the world over according to a sign on the wall. The Rosetta Stone Cake is strange because it is a sweet frosted cake of many layers some of which include vegetables and meat.



The waitress explains that they can't give away Rosetta Stone Cake for free because paying for it is part of the ceremony of the cake, but the guy who I did the job for says I can get the cake as long as I listen to them tell the secret story of the Rosetta Stone Cake.



I'm in no mood to hear a story and I decide it is time for us to leave. As we are leaving Rob says,

I kind of
wanted to
hear the
story about
the cake.

How good
could it have
been?
It's a story
about a *cake*.

In the parking lot there are kids racing around on strange contraptions made from shopping carts. I can't see how they are powered until one of them turns around near me and I see that there is a little kid pushing it while the others are having a good time up on top.

"That's the story of civilization right there." says Rob.

"Ok, let's go back and have some cake." I say.



It's laundry day and I have put my clothes into a machine and I realize I need change. I go over to the dollar changer and discover it has the red "out of service" light on.



I return to my machine where I find an old lady is tossing random objects into it on top of my clothes, only the objects are familiar to me. Pieces of my own artwork torn and broken, dirty dishes, broken

furniture, big pieces of meat. I howl at her and drive her off and call after her with the most vile invective I can think of. Things like "You are worthless and should be dead! Go kill yourself!" She is laughing as she runs off.

I try to salvage whatever I can of my damaged artwork, but it seems futile. I still need change so I go to another laundry a couple blocks away to use their change machine.



I arrive and discover that there is a line of people waiting to use the machine. The place is cluttered and filthy. I sigh and queue up and quickly feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn and discover that I have inadvertently jumped into the middle of the line rather than the end. I apologize and go to the back. There are like ten people ahead of me.



There is some sort of gambling game going on in the place. It is complicated,



involving cards, dice and little colored flags being moved about on a map of Mexico that has a caged rat in the middle of it. I briefly contemplate that I might be able to get quarters more quickly if I involve myself in the game, but I ultimately decide that I would lose because I have no idea how to play.



Finally I get my turn at the change machine. I put a ten dollar bill in the slot only to see it get immediately wadded up and stuck. I want to cry at the seeming injustice. I am just filled with mute, seething anger. I take out my pocket knife and dig out the balled up bill and pull out a fresh one, this time a single, to try again, but I see there is a blockage. I open the front of the bill slot and see that there are a couple of burrito wrappers crammed in there as if someone had tried to feed them in for change. I carefully clear them out while muttering about "slobs" and "retards". Finally the slot is clear and I feed in the one and get quarters. As I am flattening out the ten to get the rest of what I need, people in the line behind me are calling for me to hurry the fuck up because I have been there for ten minutes.



I turn to yell at them impatiently only to see that they are all inflatable Bozo the Clown punching toys.

Dream Journal 8/22/2015

I am being worked on by two female doctors. They have removed my tongue to examine it. It is in a tray partially dissected. I'm not worried as I am aware that they will restore it and put it back in me when they are done.



The doctors are having a discussion about a man that I suspect they are both romantically involved with. They are civil, but there is a strong emotional undercurrent.



I am becoming concerned that they may make an error.

Dream Journal 5/8/2015

It is 1976. I have answered an ad on Craig's list to collaborate on writing an opera.



It turns out that I'm going to be working with Elvis Presley.



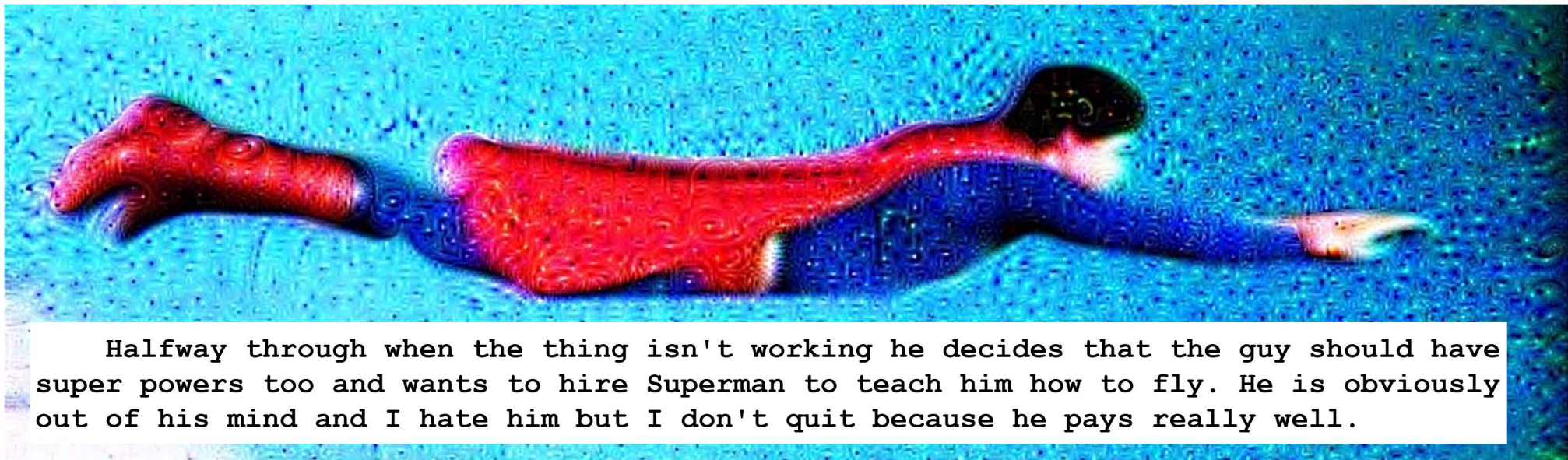
Elvis as absolute hell to work with. He is easily distracted. He is just plain out of it a lot of the time.



He says "It's about a spy, man. He's the American James Bond, but he's a rocker!"



He has this combination guitar/gun he is going to use in the show, but it's a real gun, not a prop and he is going to hurt someone or himself with it inevitably.



Halfway through when the thing isn't working he decides that the guy should have super powers too and wants to hire Superman to teach him how to fly. He is obviously out of his mind and I hate him but I don't quit because he pays really well.

Dream Journal 3/4/2015



I live in a two storey house with three doors. There is a porch and a small front yard with yellowed, untended grass surrounded by a waist high chainlink fence. the gate is always open. there is a concrete path to the porch. In the yard there is a lawn chair and an old charcoal grill.

I have a bedroom on the second floor and I share my bed with a woman. She doesn't correspond to anyone in my waking life. She is my age, in good health and companionable. She has long, slightly frizzy dark hair that is going gray. We are happy together. She wears a sandwich board that is an electronic display. It shows her thoughts as text and I also watch the news on it. When it isn't displaying anything else it shows a glamour model's nude body as if it were hers.



It is the late days of summer and I have decided that I will return to high school when classes begin.

Beside the sandwich board woman, two other women live in the house. One of them is in her early thirties and may be our daughter.



The other is of undetermined relationship. She is blonde, in her forties and seems annoyed by most things. She is baffled by my decision to go to public school pointing out that I am 58 years old and haven't even attempted to register for classes. I assure her that if I just show up they will find a place for me.



Bill Clinton keeps showing up. He always looks like he is dressed for a golf game. I think that he and I are close friends. He tells me things that a person would tell friends. I also think my wife, the sandwich board woman, is his ex. It was never clear where Hillary fits into all of this or if she even exists. Whenever he shows up he has a cold sixpack of Coors with him and dinks one with me on the porch before we go in.

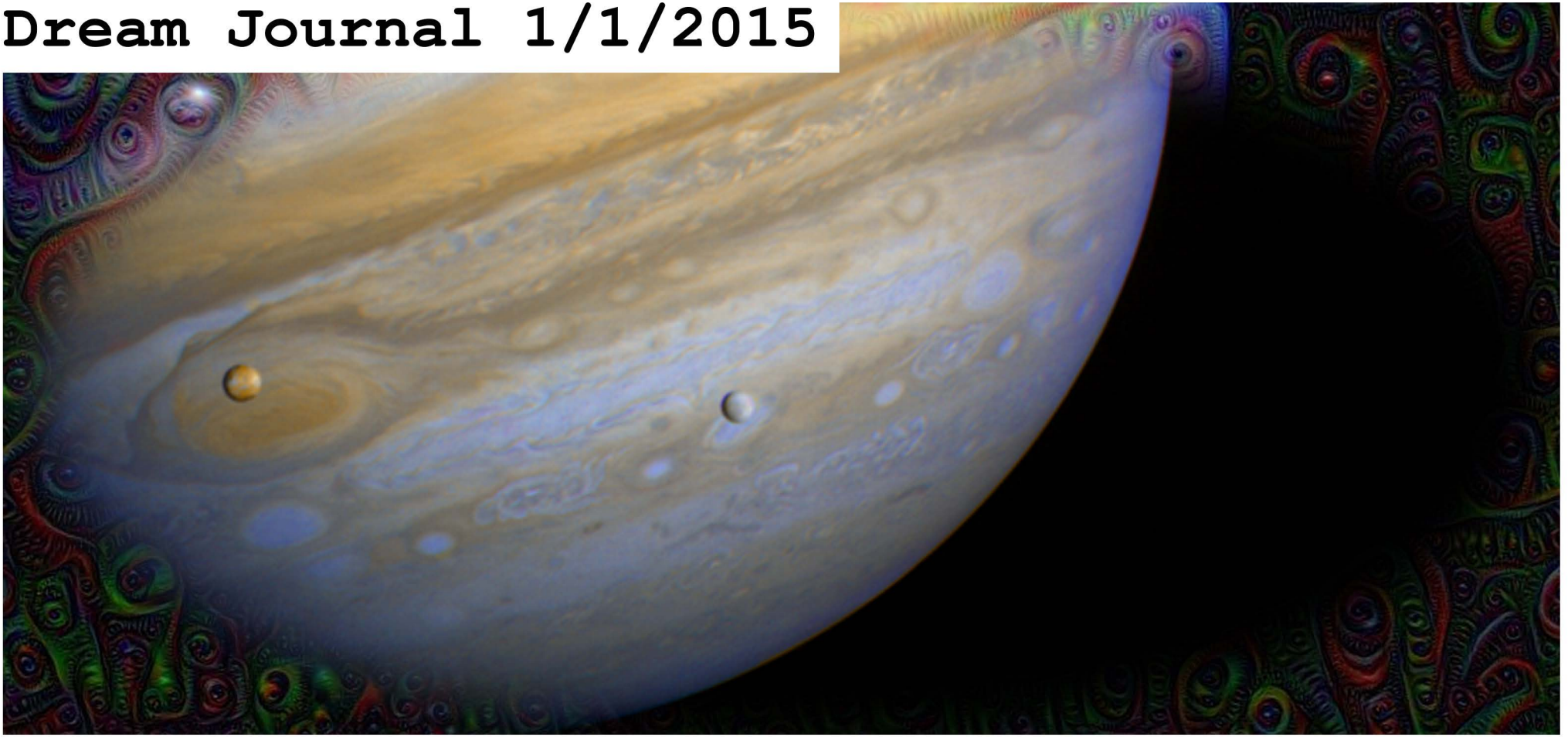
I go to the high school at two in the morning to get started. They are puzzled by me in a weird way as if I am some important historical person. I am given the impression that I do this a lot, just show up and try to register for classes. They send me away, but very politely, almost reverently and everyone wants to shake hands with me before I go. I wonder if there is something messed up with my brain and that maybe I was once someone very important but can't remember.



I wake up.



Dream Journal 1/1/2015



I am living on a research station floating high in the atmosphere of Jupiter.





I look out the window and see immense clouds that churn like a turbulent sea. The station is very homey and comfortable. It seems like a ski lodge. The place is manned by about 20 people but apparently most of the actual work is done by machines so we have a lot of time on our hands.



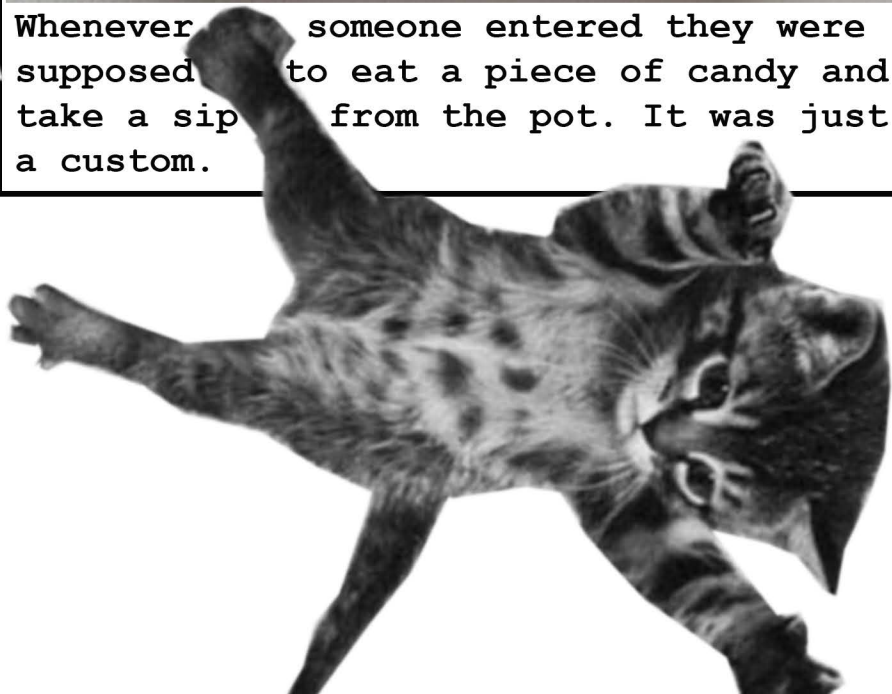


I have to take care of some cats who are back on Earth so I determine to take them to the station. I do it one by one. In the dream how I got back and forth to Earth was never shown. I went and I came back and it took some unspecified amount of time. In the dream I did it thrice returning with a different cat each time.

By the door where I entered the station was a shelf with candies and an odd little pot of water like a ladle with a flat bottom so it sat upright



Whenever someone entered they were supposed to eat a piece of candy and take a sip from the pot. It was just a custom.

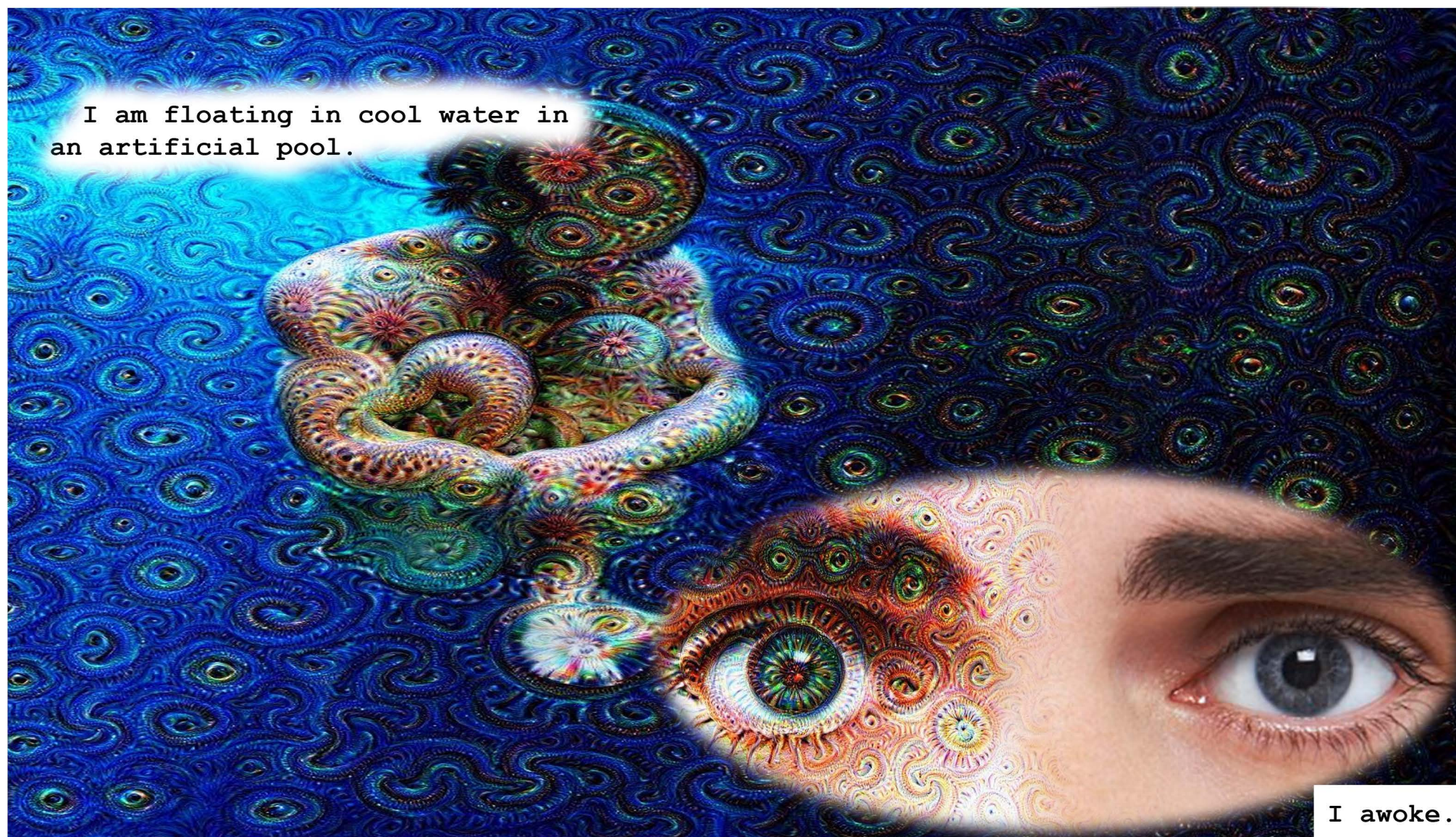


The cats did well at the station.





In the kitchen I sat with the captain of the station and a few other people discussing transfer orbits for spacecraft. It was apparently quite in depth, but I can't remember much of it.



I am floating in cool water in an artificial pool.

I awoke.





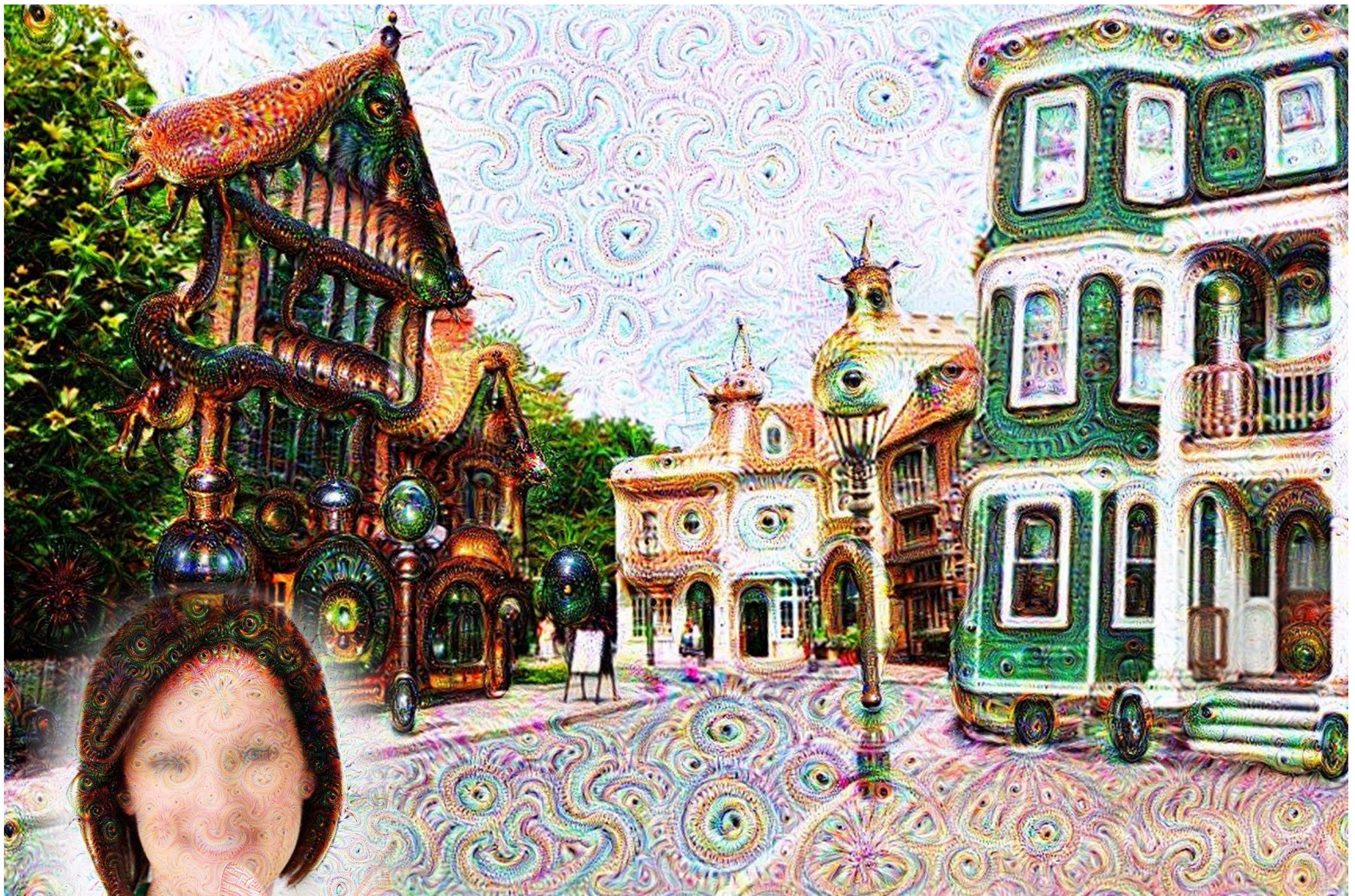


I was a hunter/gatherer type, naked with feathers and paint. I was about 18 years old and I was with my father who was of the same culture, whatever that was. We were both white. We both had spears. Father had a dead pheasant slung over his shoulder.

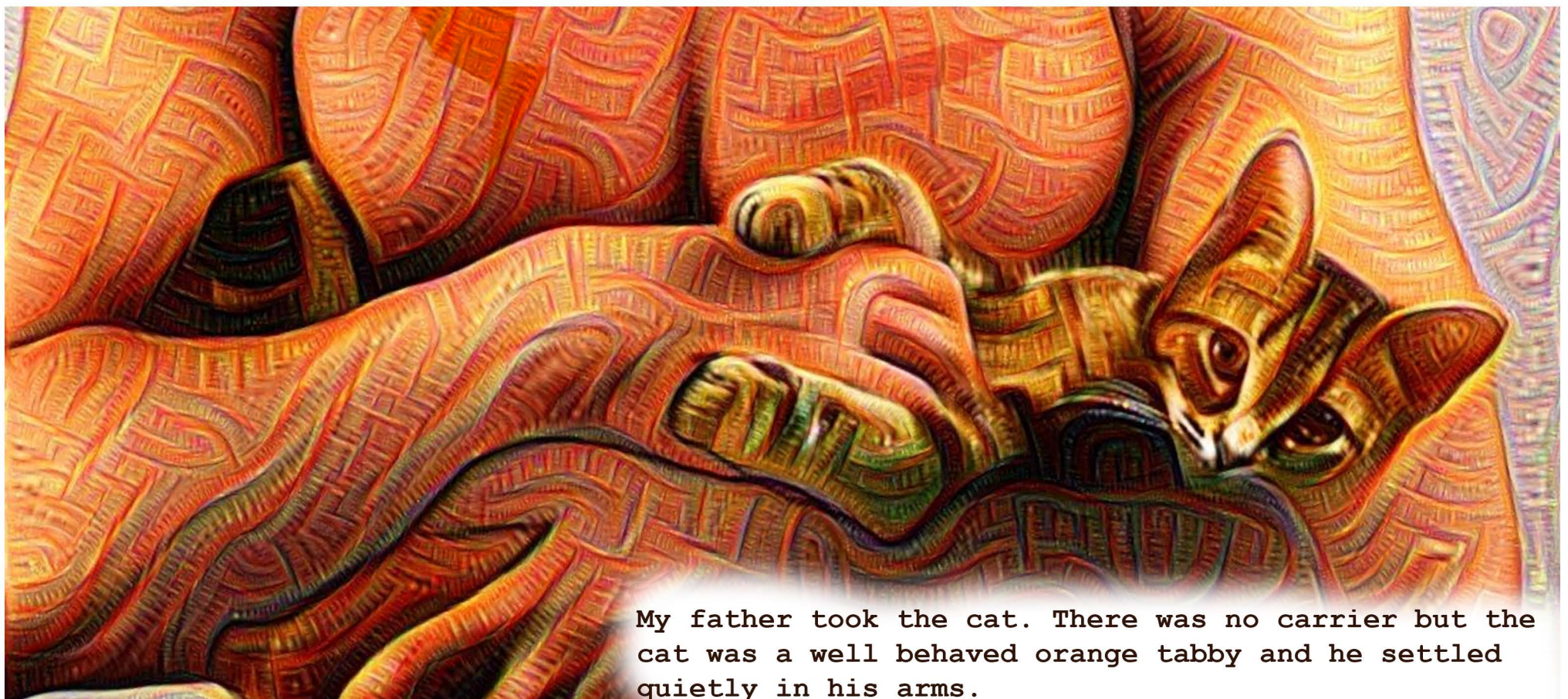
We were in a landscape that I interpreted to be Europe although there was no particular landmark to indicate that. We were catching a train to go to town.

The train was crowded. No one seemed a bit put off by the fact we were naked savages. Most of the people around us looked like they were dressed for Oktoberfest, lederhosen, Tyrolean hats and such. All of the women had stepped off a St. Pauli Girl label.





The town we got to had an English feel. It was old with a stone wall enclosing part of it. We went to a three story apartment building, a Boston style triple-decker with bay windows. We were there to get the cat from the woman on the second floor. She was an ex-girlfriend of mine. For some reason we were taking the cat across town for her.

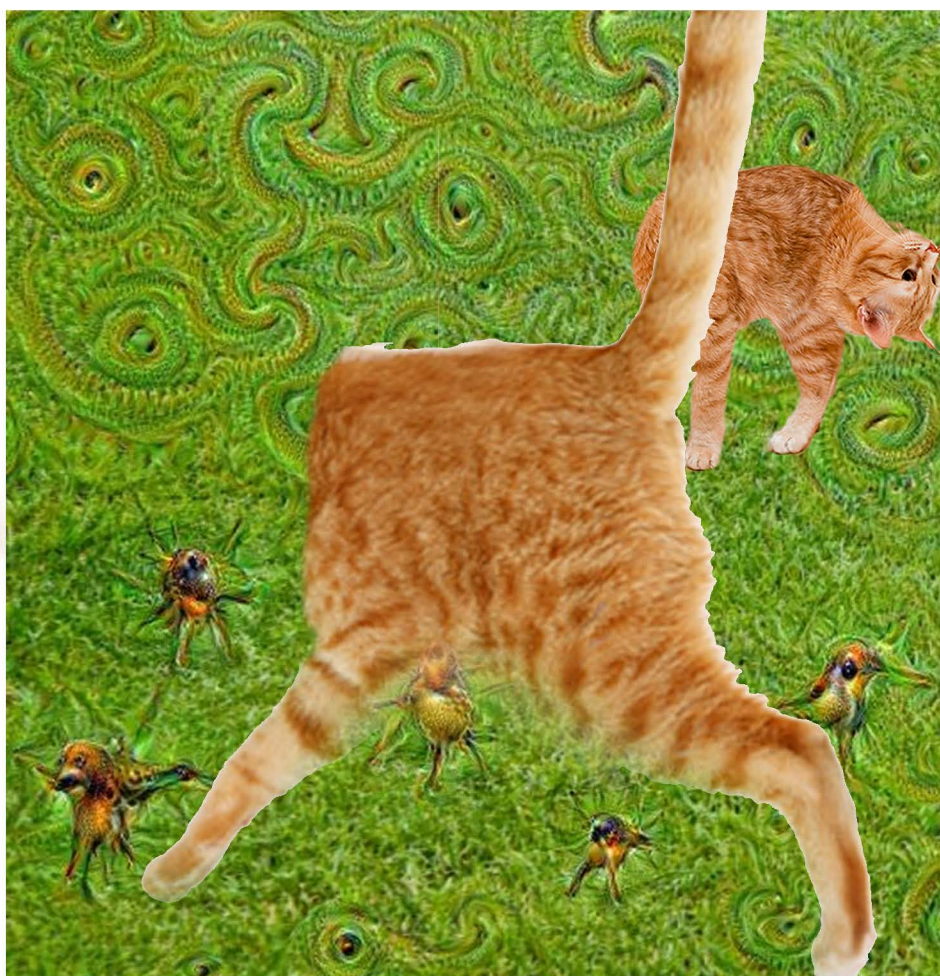


My father took the cat. There was no carrier but the cat was a well behaved orange tabby and he settled quietly in his arms.

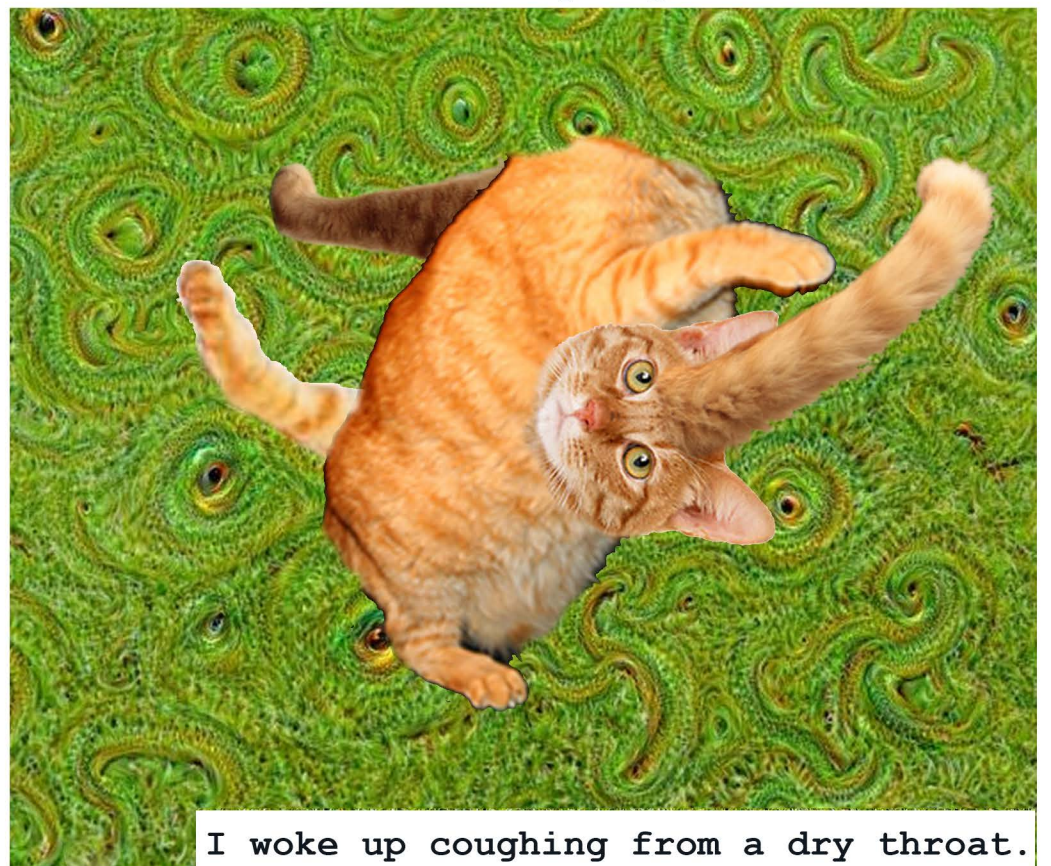


We had to run across a highway with cars zooming by. Just as we got past it, my father tripped and fell and the cat broke in half and the two halves ran off in different directions.

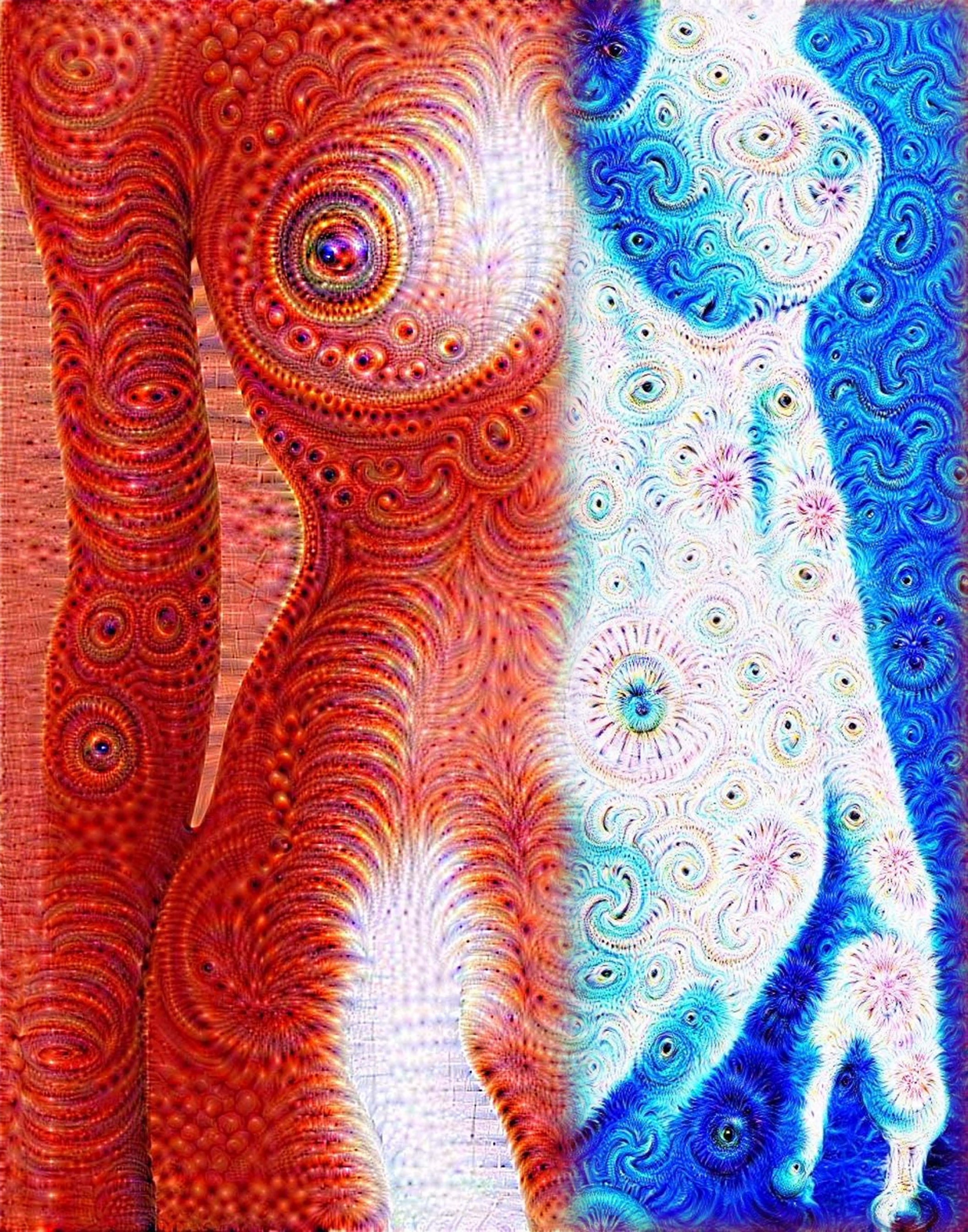
There was no blood, nor were they two distinct smaller cats but two fluffy balls with two cat legs each. We rounded them up and stuck them back together, but what we got wasn't a cat.



It was a collection of disorganized cat parts, still alive and seemed happy enough. It walked on a hind and a foreleg with the two other sticking up and had its tail coming out of its forehead now. My father was entertained and was playing with it, but I knew that the owner was going to be mad.



I woke up coughing from a dry throat.



Dream Journal 10/3/2015



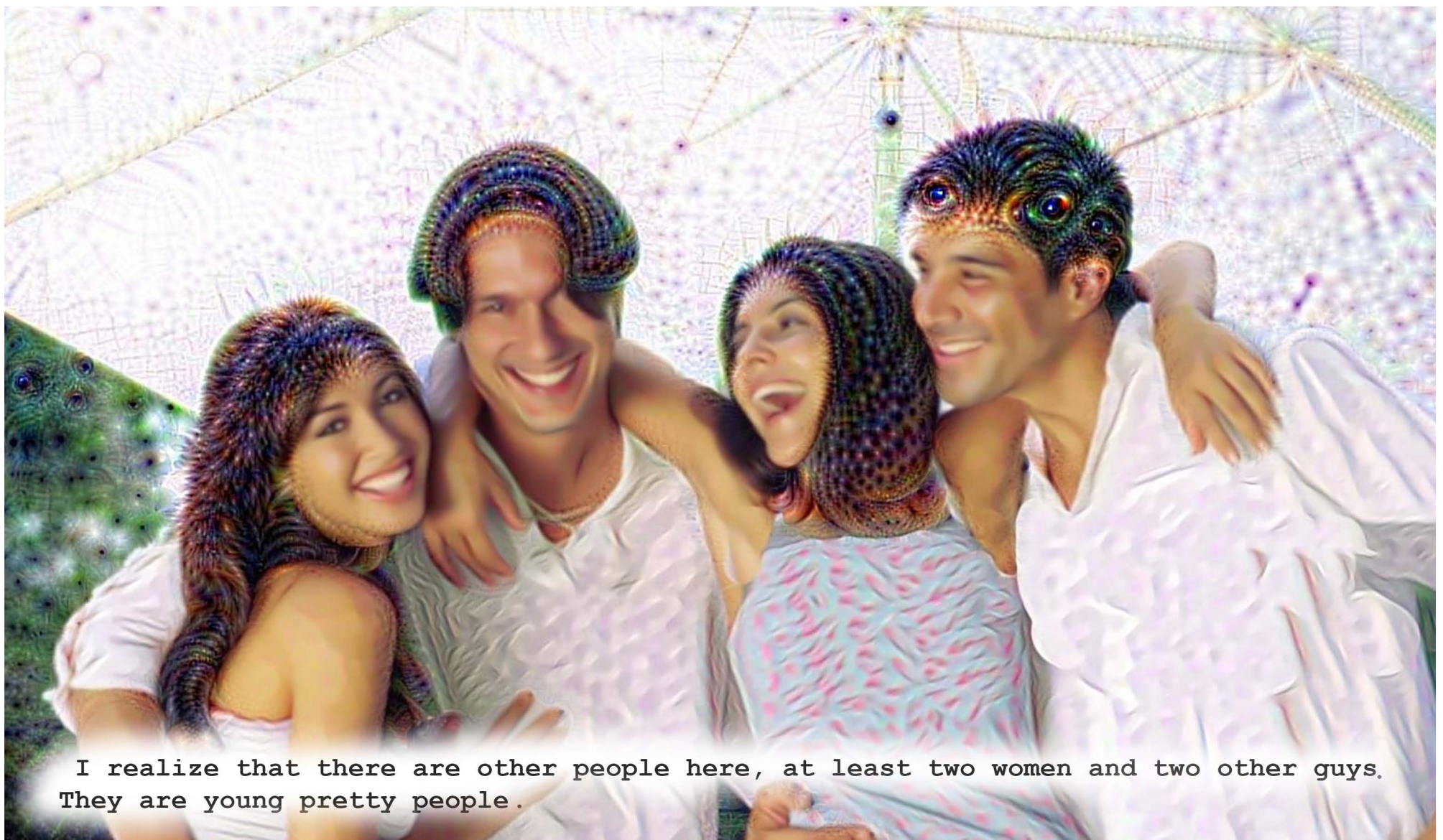
I'm in my old apartment but it is sort of half the place I work. I believe that I used to live there and there is a lot of my stuff around although some of it seems to have been vandalized. Collage constructions that I know I made, but some have been eviscerated I don't see why someone would have done this.

There is a guy in another bed across the room. No one has been home other times I have returned here to sleep and I had always thought that the place was infrequently used. There was still a lot of my stuff around like old jackets that I had not worn in years. The guy was also waking up and had seen me. "I suppose you would like an explanation." I say.

I am waking up in bed in my old apartment, but it isn't my old apartment in Cambridge. It is a place in Boston, a second or third floor. I still have a key, but I don't belong there, but I come there some nights if I have been out and miss the train or am just plain too drunk, at least that is the explanation I am giving myself.

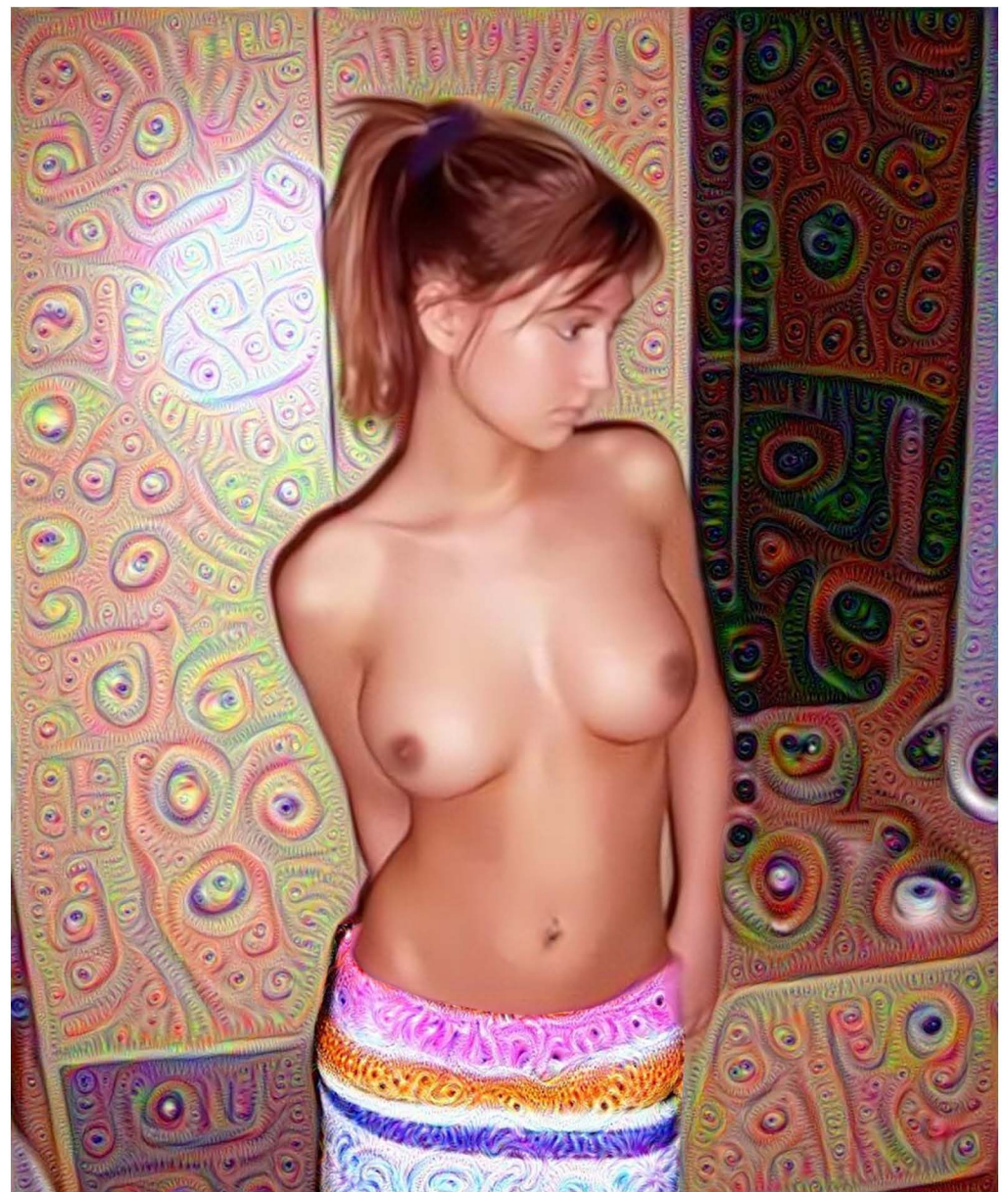


He just nods to me and gets up.



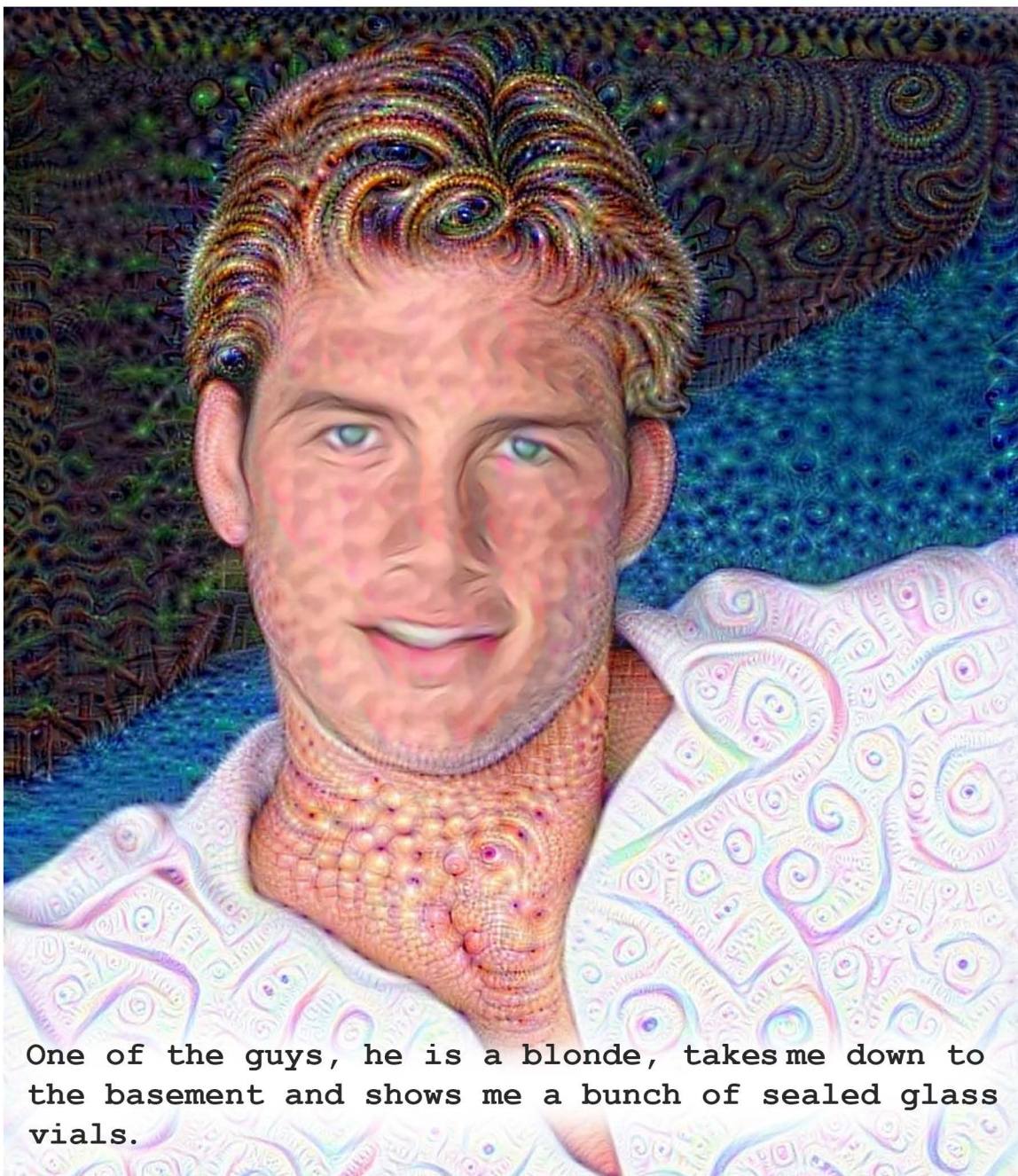
I realize that there are other people here, at least two women and two other guys. They are young pretty people.

While the guy is out of the room, I get up and find my clothes. At first I try to put on a jacket as a pair of pants, but I finally find the right stuff just as I hear people returning to the room. I dash into the bathroom and get dressed in there.



I emerge to find one of the women waiting to use the bathroom. All she is wearing is a towel wrapped around her waist. She is unconcerned that her breasts are exposed to a stranger. I let her go in.

No one seems particularly upset that I am there and they seem to be aware that I use the place. I am offered breakfast which is grilled cheese sandwiches with pancake syrup. I don't comment even though it seems quite eccentric.



One of the guys, he is a blonde, takes me down to the basement and shows me a bunch of sealed glass vials.

They look like vacuum tubes except that they are filled with water (I assume it is water) and a curly mass of what looks a bit like silver wire. I understand that the vials are intended to be broken open and the contents consumed in some way. It is some sort of fad health food thing maybe. Each vial has something written on it in white grease pencil usually one word and they are hard to read



One says "salt" another "bearing" another "dark" etc. There doesn't seem to be any clue as to their actual purpose, but to this guy they are very significant. He wants to sell me some of them and quotes me what seems to be a high price. I decline and he looks at me like I am just some poor lost soul who doesn't get it.



Later I am upstairs talking to the two Women. The one from before is now fully dressed and the other is in her underwear. They have found my portfolio book which is here for some reason and are paging through it

Did you do this?" One of them asks".
"Yes I did. Do you like it?"



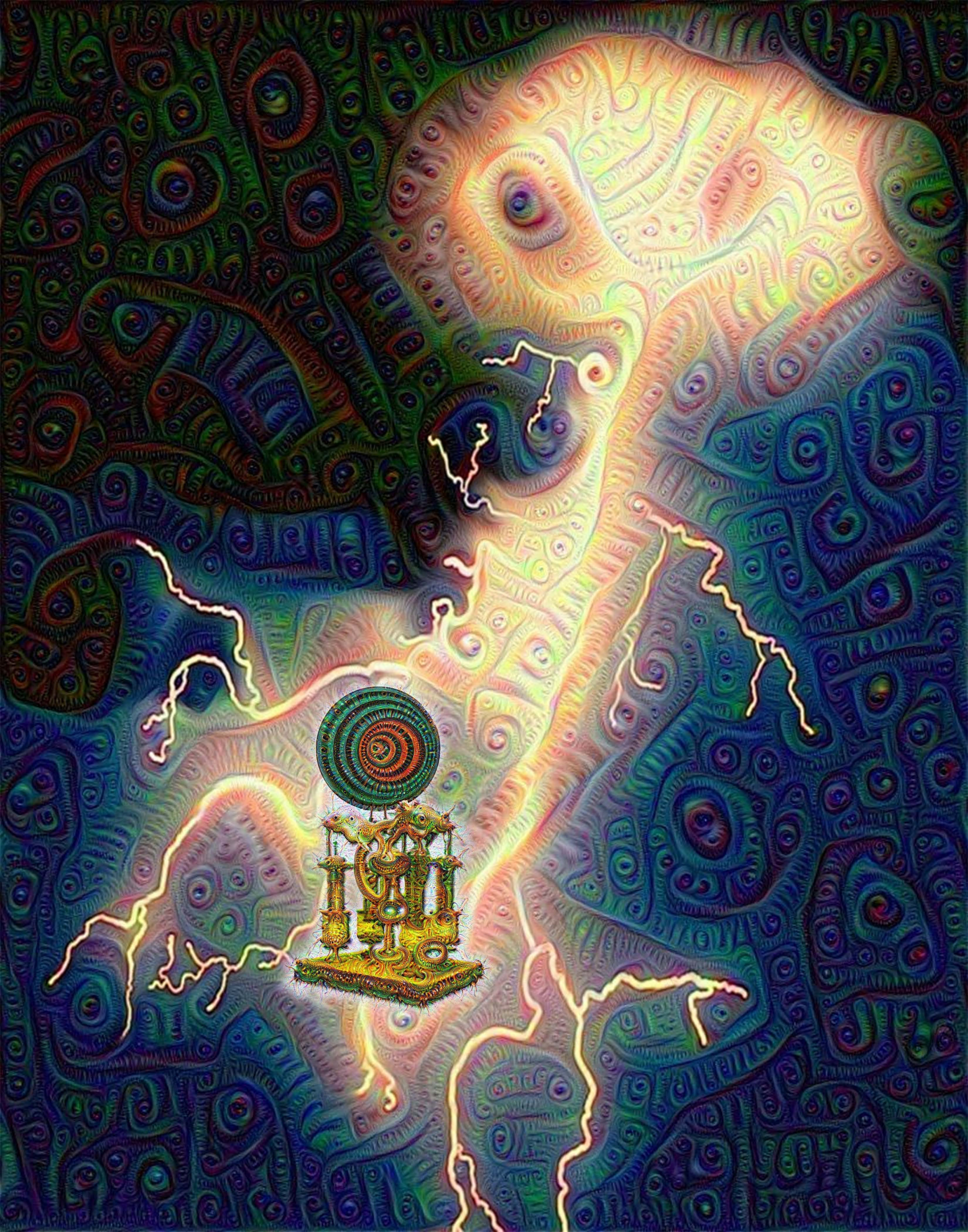
"Take a few. " she says. She holds out an open paper bag. There are some of the vials in the bag.

"Could you do something like this for me?"
"Probably. Here is my card."
I give her my card.

I take one out and try to read the word on it.

I am struggling to make it out as I wake up.





This is the tale of

TWO MOONS DREAMING



When the world was a fresh new place, only one tribe walked the Earth. They were the ancestors of all people of all tribes and nations and it was they who discovered all the ways of man.

To a woman named Lomi was born a man child who was fast asleep. He neither moved nor cried but only slept peacefully for two complete passages of the moon. On the first day of the third month he woke and cried so loudly that the Earth shook. Lomi named him Two Moons Dreaming.

He grew up to be a very powerful shaman. Two Moons Dreaming knew all of the spirits and all of their ways. He could call the spirit of rain when



crops grew dry and he could call the spirit of the

wind when the days grew hot. His wisdom was great and deep and he instructed the children in the ways of the world and the tricks of the spirits.



The Moon was the protector of Two Moons Dreaming and he was her voice in the world. She came to him and lamented that she had born no children. She asked Two Moons Dreaming to help her become the wife of the Sun.

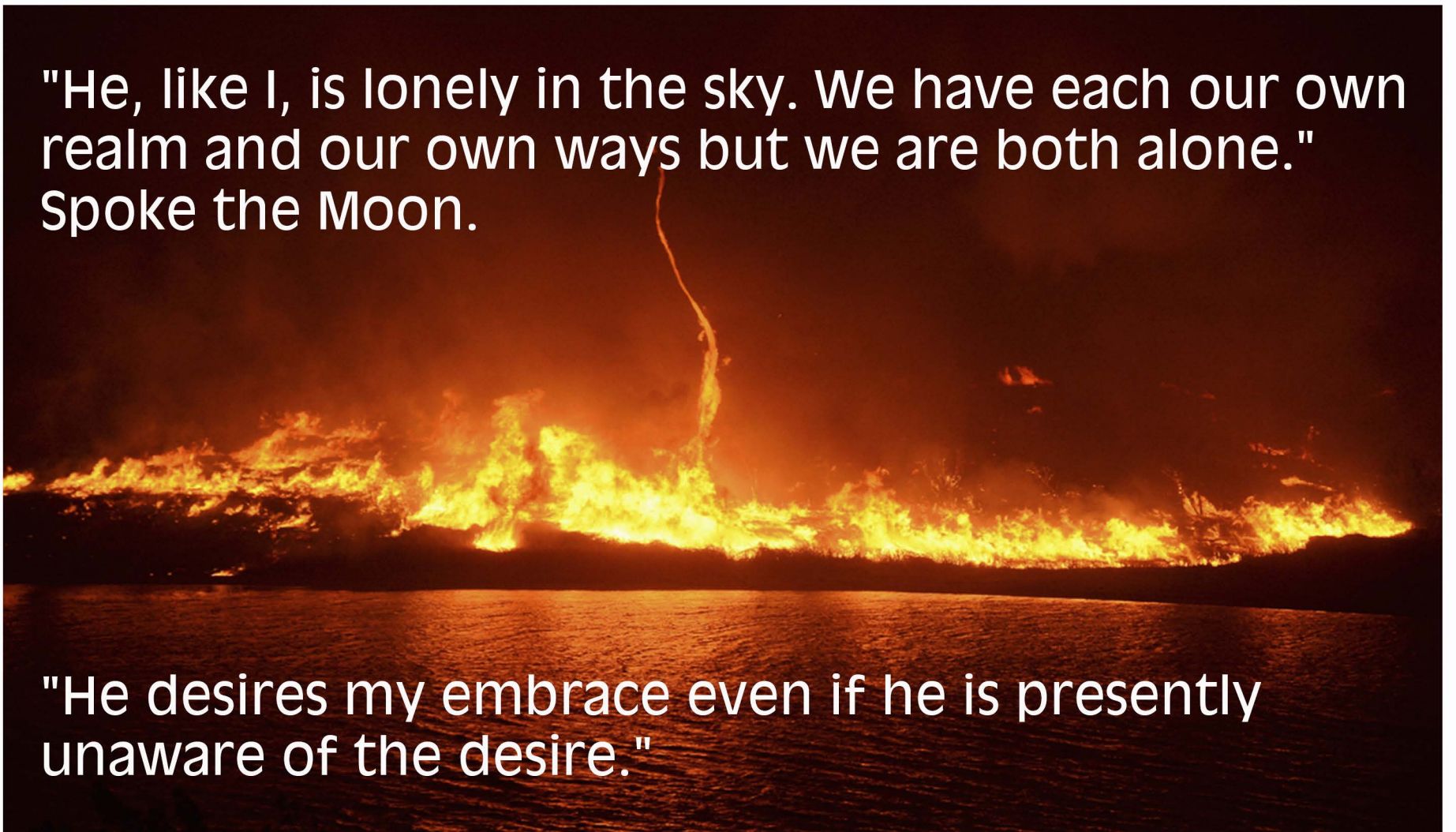
In those days the Sun was a wild spirit who moved about the sky without predictable time. He would come and walk the Earth and the mountains and forests would burst into flames. He lived in the great house in the sky where he fed the fire of heaven with wood that he took from the forests of the east each morning.

Two Moons Dreaming told the Moon that the Sun would have no woman to tell him when to hunt and when to chop wood.



"He, like I, is lonely in the sky. We have each our own realm and our own ways but we are both alone."
Spoke the Moon.

"He desires my embrace even if he is presently unaware of the desire."



The Moon gave to Two Moons Dreaming three spirits to assist him. They were the wise and wily Rabbit-Bird, the sizeless Dancing Ghost and the Rock Shadow who lived in the dark places of the world. The Rabbit bird knew where



the Sun's most favored hunting ground was, the Dancing ghost knew where the Sun made his camp each night and the Rock Shadow knew the Sun's most secret desire.

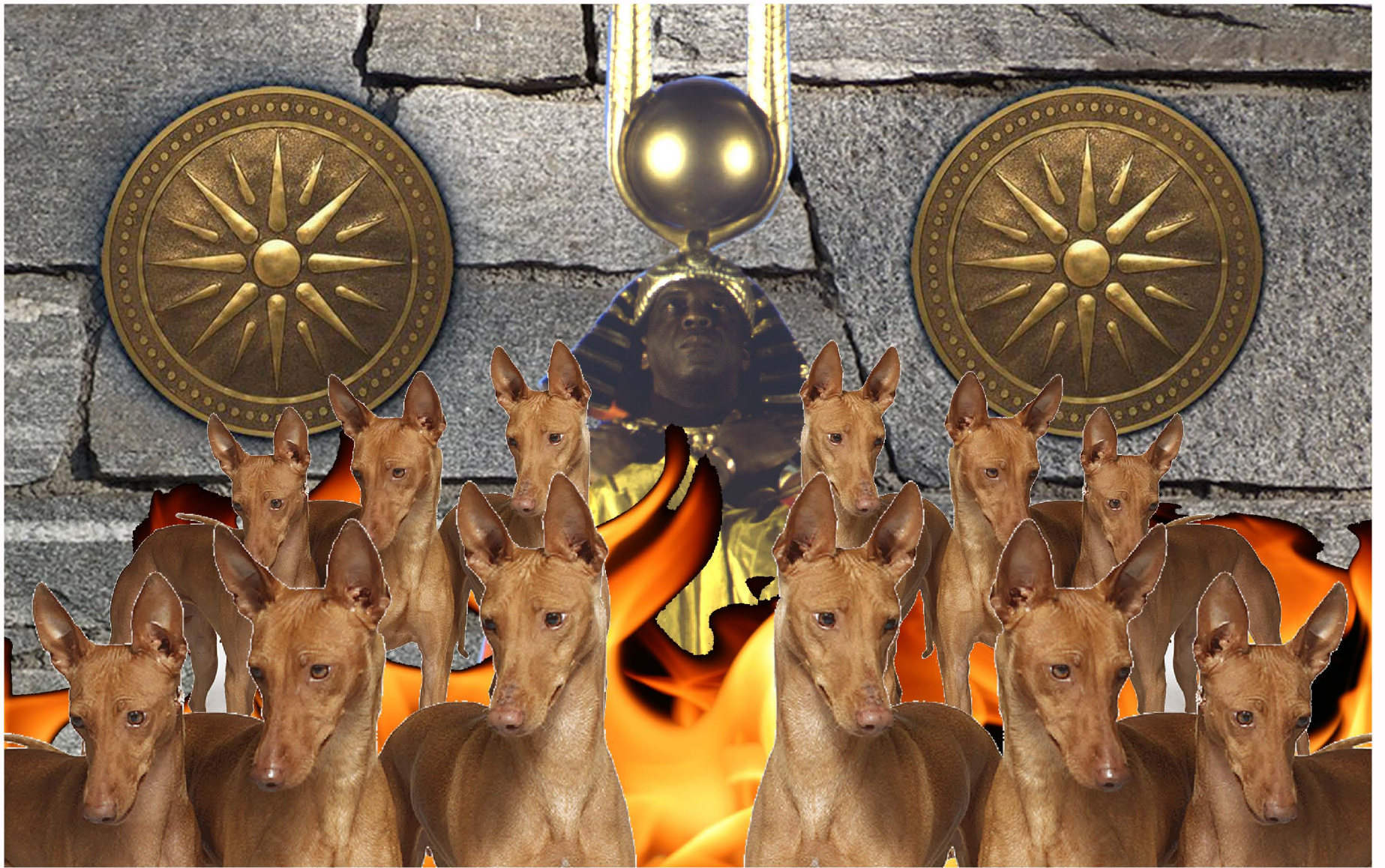




They found the door of the Sun's house guarded by two golden bears who growled fiercely and took swipes with their great claws at Two Moons Dreaming. But Two Moons Dreaming knew the ways of all the beasts and he whispered to the bears. He told them of the salmon who leapt from the mountain waters of the west and how they would never go hungry on the scraps from the Sun's table if they were to go there to fish. Upon hearing that, the bears left their place at the Sun's door and went to the western mountains to fish.

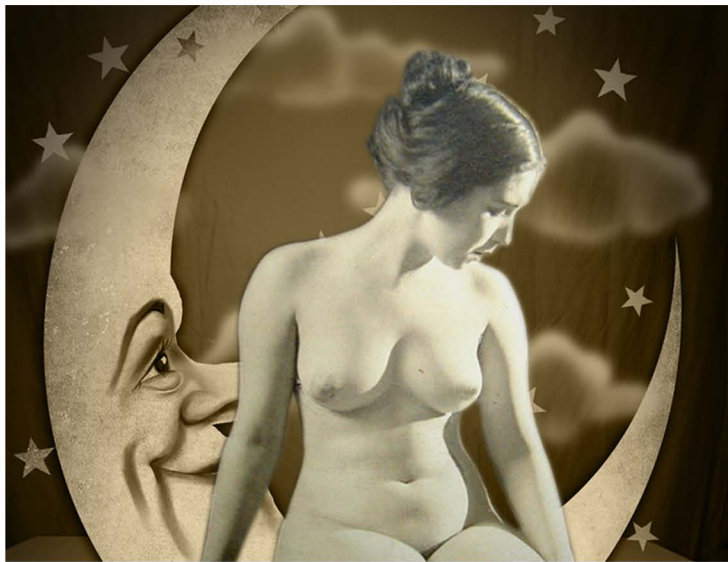


Two Moons Dreaming entered the house of the Sun.



The sun was by his fire surrounded by his many faithful hounds. Two Moons Dreaming came to him and said to him, "The beautiful lady, the Moon wants to feel your embrace and to bear you sons and daughters."

The Sun leapt up and his hounds bayed and barked. "She seeks to make of me a woman myself", he raged, "she wants to control when I hunt and when I rest!"



"You are the Lord of the great house of the sky", said Two Moons Dreaming, "but no man is the true head of a household without a wife to make the meals and watch the fire. You cannot hunt enough because you must always feed the fire. Because no woman minds

your house you know not the hour to rise or the hour to sleep. You are filled with disquiet because you feel not a woman's soft touch."



The Sun danced and raged about the great hall of his house. The dogs chased and barked.

He turned upon Two Moons Dreaming and said, "I shall make a bargain with you, we shall play a game and if you win, I will become the husband of your lady." Two Moons Dreaming agreed and the Sun said to him, "You must answer three questions. If you are a truly great shaman you will know the answers."

The sun asked "Where is my most favored hunting ground?"

The Rabbit-Bird fluttered about the head of Two Moons Dreaming and chattered in his secret tongue.

Two Moons Dreaming said "You hunt in the northern mountains of the land of smoke."

The Sun was amazed and screamed in rage and danced about the hall in frustration.

Again he asked Two Moons Dreaming a question. "Where do I make my camp each night?"

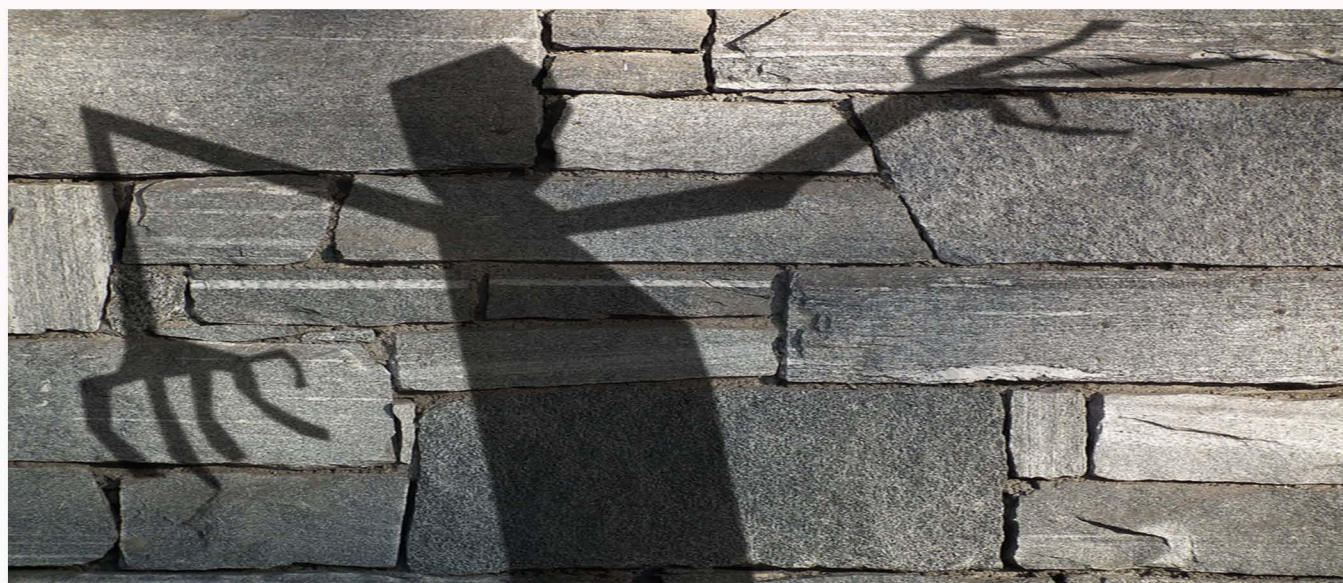
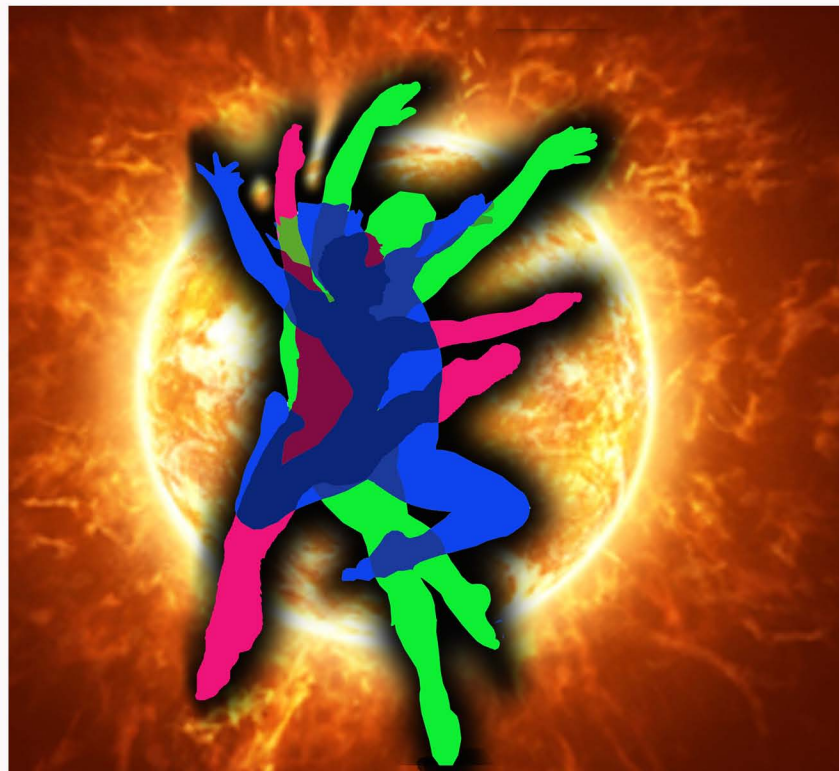


The Dancing Ghost danced in a circle around Two Moons Dreaming and told him with his dance the Sun's second secret.

"You camp in the western lands beyond the great sea."

The Sun cried out and danced about the hall as the Dancing Ghost danced with him in mockery.

"Two Moons Dreaming", spoke the Sun, "you shall not know the answer to my final question. Tell me, shaman, what is my most secret desire?"

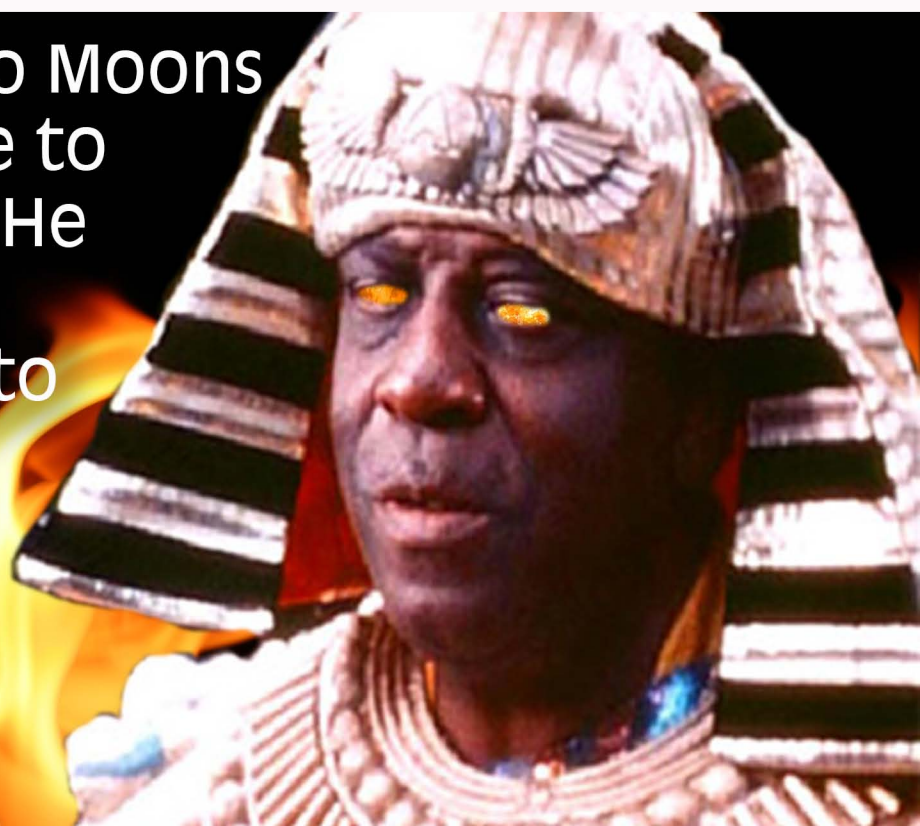


The Rock Shadow crept through the cracks in the stones of the great house. With creaks and groans it told Two Moons Dreaming what he needed to

know.

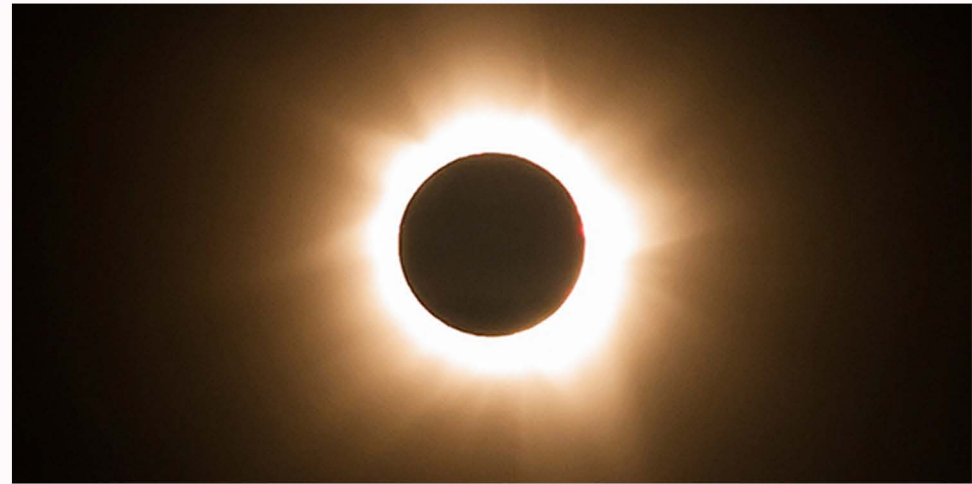
"Your most secret desire is to lie with the Moon and put a child in her."

The Sun started to cry out that Two Moons Dreaming was wrong when it came to him that he had spoken the truth. He spoke now quietly to Two Moons Dreaming. "Bring the lady Moon into my house to sit before my fire."

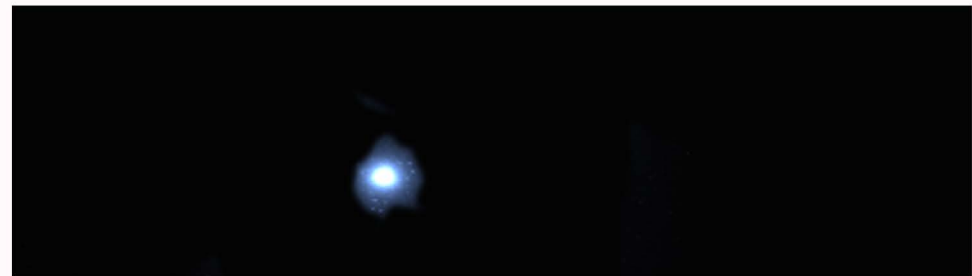




And so Two Moons Dreaming
Brought the Moon into the
great house of the sky. Men
upon the Earth saw the
Moon come to cover the Sun
in the day and bring darkness



on the land and in the
darkness was born a new
light, tiny and twinkling.



After this day the Sun would come and go with regularity
and his house was kept well. Sometimes the Moon would visit
her husband and cover him in the day and each time she
would bear a new light. These lights, the stars, are the eggs
of the Moon and will bring forth her children on the last day
of the world.





